

48 R.D.

A. A. CHILDS & CO'S. ART GALLERY,  
127 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

The Yo Semite Valley,

FROM THE MARIPOSA TRAIL, CALIFORNIA.

PAINTED BY THOMAS HILL.

The scene of this Picture is on the Merced River, Mariposa County, California, four days' journey from San Francisco.

The spectator must presume that he is standing about one hundred yards thither of the dark rock that projects in the foreground, and about the centre of the picture. The hour is eleven, with a cloudy sky broken by the sun as it marches to the meridian. On the right is the "Bridal Veil Fall," of nine hundred and forty feet descent, and above it are the "Cathedral Rocks," whose turrets rise three thousand feet above us. Continuing the view on the right, is the "Sentinel," of three thousand two hundred and seventy feet in height, and then the "Great South Dome" rounds through the air at an elevation of six thousand feet, while in the extreme distance the "Cloud Rest," with its billowy mists, blends with the horizon.

On the left hand, nearest to the spectator, is "El Capitan," or Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, signifying in the Indian, as in the Spanish, the Leader or Grand Master. It goes straight up, without a shrub or tree, clear into the clouds, three thousand nine hundred feet, or three-quarters of a mile in height. From its silvery base spreads the grand valley of the Yo Semite, grove-clustered, while flowing cold and clear from the extreme distance, is the Merced River. The Valley, with its enclosing mountains, cataracts and river and smaller streams, is perhaps the most uniquely beautiful locality upon the American continent. Owing to the almost uninterrupted blaze of the sun, the granite monsters on the left of the spectator are of a light tone, while on the opposite side the phenomenon of darker characterization is apparent. On the bottom lands, the grass grows in great luxuriance, and what with the deep shade of the trees, the pure waters, the sublime adjacencies, and the torrents that pour from the crags around, this scene must become at the accomplishment of the Pacific Railway a resort for travellers from every section of the world. So beautiful and sacred in its beauty was it esteemed, that Congress passed an act by which the Yo Semite Valley has been detached from the public domain, constituting it a vast pleasure-ground for the country and all the world; and a Commission appointed by the Governor of California has in charge this Paradise, whose duty it is, and ever will be, to protect it from the invasion of commerce or any other anti-picturesque vandalism; and the picture now glowing before the spectator, preserves upon the immortal canvas the scene exactly as it is, and as it ever will be.





48

From 8073.3

255.820

Dec. 27, 1878

\* 8078.322

... are granite words, the sky  
... that cluster to the sun  
... pearl atmosphere that to the eye  
... a web of gold and silver spun,  
... tales of joy. We feel the spell  
... from the mountain's side,  
And through the cascade falling to the dell  
We feel the spirit of the valley's bride.  
It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight  
Dwells over the sleeping plain, the stream  
Murmured in the shadow, sparkling in the light,  
Is like the tissue of a Poet's dream;  
And this will be forever; here no brain  
Shall plot the blasphemy of sordid strife,  
Nor any sewerage desecrate the plain,  
For this air-calm must last a people's life.

[See transcription - over]

... have  
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proofs will be received  
Size of Chr ...

the reproduction of this painting by a CHROMO-LITHO-  
... Subscriptions for a limited number of artist's  
proofs will be signed by the artist, Mr. Thomas Hill.

Those hills are granite words, the sky  
And clouds that cluster to the sun  
With the pearl atmosphere that to the eye  
Seems like a web of gold and silver spun,  
Are parables of joy. We feel the spell  
Steal from the mountain's side,  
And through the cascade falling to the dell  
We catch the spirit of the valley's bride.  
It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight  
Dwells o'er the sleeping plain, the stream  
Dimmed in the shadow, sparkling in the light,  
Is like the tissue of a Poet's dream;  
And this will be forever; here no brain  
Shall plot the blasphemy of sordid strife,  
No city sewerage desecrate the plain,  
For this fair realm must last a people's life.

Arrangements have been made for the reproduction of this painting by the CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC process, by L. Prang & Co. of Boston. Subscriptions for a limited number of artist's proofs will be received at the desk. Each proof will be signed by the artist, Mr. Thomas Hill. Size of Chromos, 15 5/8 by 26 inches.



8078.322  
c.2 Photocopy  
E.D.

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255.820

Dec. 27, 1878

8078.322

The hills are granite words, the sky  
 The clouds that cluster to the sun  
 The air a pearl atmosphere that to the eye  
 Seems a web of gold and silver spun,  
 And ripples of joy. We feel the spell  
 Drawn to the mountain's side,  
 And through the cascade falling to the dell  
 We catch the spirit of the valley's bride.  
 It is a world of charms. A soft delight  
 Dwells over the sleeping plain, the stream  
 Glimmers in the shadow, sparkling in the light,  
 As like the tissue of a Poet's dream;  
 And this will be forever; here no brain  
 Shall plot the blasphemy of sordid strife,  
 Nor any sewerage desecrate the plain,  
 For this fair realm must last a people's life.

ALLAN, CHAS. HAV.  
 GRAPHIC DESIGNER BY THE  
 proofs will be received.  
 Size of Chas. H. (1878)

the reproduction of this painting by A. & CHS. H. HAV.  
 Boston. Subscriptions for a limited number of artist's  
 proofs will be signed by the artist, Mr. A. & CHS. H. HAV.





Those hills are granite words, the sky  
And clouds that cluster to the sun  
With the pearl atmosphere that to the eye  
Seems like a web of gold and silver spun,  
Are parables of joy. We feel the spell  
Steal from the mountain's side,  
And through the cascade falling to the dell  
We catch the spirit of the valley's bride.  
It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight  
Dwells o'er the sleeping plain, the stream  
Dimmed in the shadow, sparkling in the light,  
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From 5073-2

455.350

Dec. 27, 1878

8073-2

the granite words, the sky  
 that cluster to the sun  
 pearl atmosphere that to the eye  
 a web of gold and silver spun,  
 of joy. We feel the spell  
 on the mountain's side,  
 the cascade falling to the dell  
 the spirit of the valley's bride.  
 of charms. A soft delight  
 the sleeping plain, the stream  
 the shadow, sparkling in the light,  
 the dream of a Poet's dream;  
 and this will be forever; here no brain  
 the blasphemy of sordid strife,  
 we dare desecrate the plain,  
 the calm must last a people's life.

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In reproduction of this painting by a famous artist  
 the artist, Mr. 11. 11. 11





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With the pearl atmosphere that to the eye  
Seems like a web of gold and silver spun,  
Are parables of joy. We feel the spell  
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It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight  
Dwells o'er the sleeping plain, the stream  
Dimmed in the shadow, sparkling in the light,  
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And this will be forever; here no brain  
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And thus the granite world, the sky  
And clouds that cluster at the sun  
With the great atmosphere that is the sea  
Down like a web of gold and silver spun,  
The particles of joy. He took the spell  
From the mountain's side.  
And through the clouds rising in the west  
He caught the spirit of the valley's birds.  
It is a million of voices. A great chorus  
Telling of the sweeping plain, the stream  
Almond in the shade, sparkling in the light,  
In the lanes of a forest's heart;  
And this will be forever; here no death  
Shall pierce the harmony of earth's melody,  
No city ever cease to sing.  
For this fair world must last a people's life.

Arrangements have been made for the publication of this  
poem by the CHICAGO-LITERARY SOCIETY, 10 N. Dear St.  
of Boston. Subscription for a limited number of copies  
should be received at the above. Each copy will be signed  
by the artist, Mr. Thomas Hill, and of course, is of the  
highest value.